Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, Let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitions haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre you former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Beg. I, It stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I will therefore tarrie in despight of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your Doctors hold it verie meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Commontie, a
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
Beg. What houshold stuffe.
Lady, It is a kind of history.
Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Com Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, wee shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,

I, am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vicentio's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treates of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with satietie seekes to quench his thirst.
Tra. Me Pardinato, gentle maister mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,
To suck the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke Logicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes where is no pleasure tane:
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,